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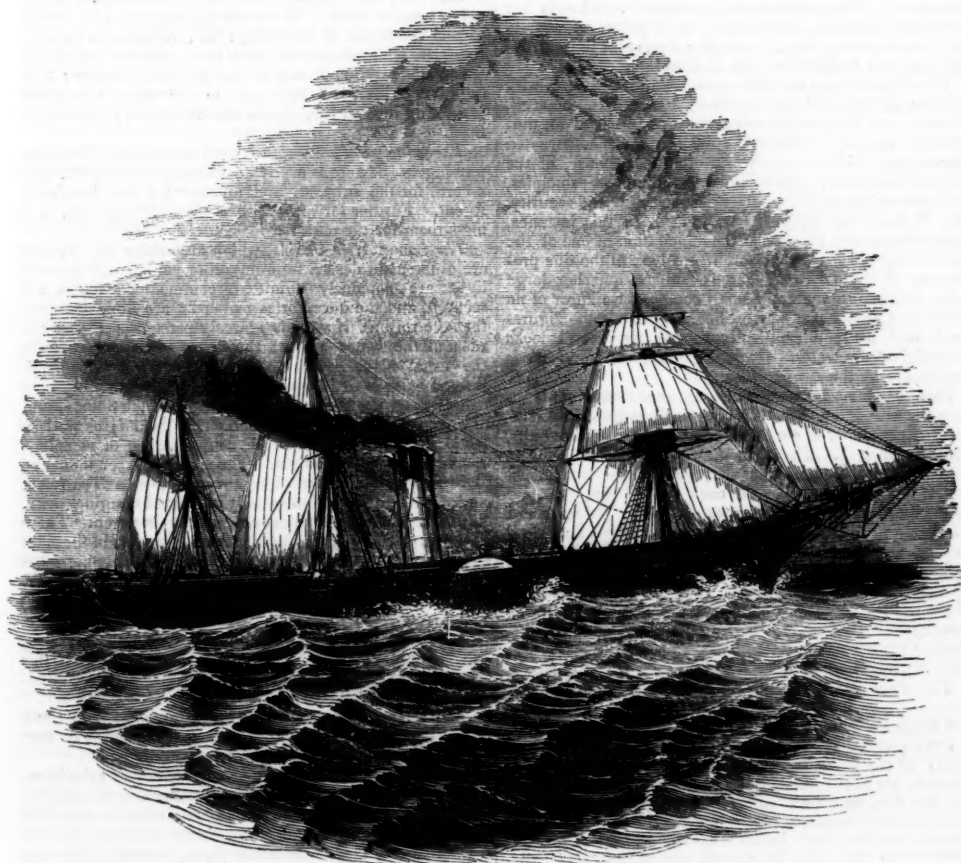
SATURDAY, APRIL 9, 1842.

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THE "ORIENTAL" STEAM-SHIP.



THE "ORIENTAL" STEAM-SHIP.*

THIS superb vessel, originally built for the New York and Liverpool line, is now the property of the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company, for establishing Steam Communication with British India. She leaves Southampton the first day of each month, for Malta and Alexandria; whence passengers are conveyed by tract-boat upon the Mahmoudieh canal to Atfé, (a distance of about forty-eight miles,) and thence to Cairo, (about one hundred and twenty miles) by the Company's iron steamer, *Lotus*. The land-journey between Cairo and Suez is performed in carriages, or upon camels, horses, or donkeys; and the station-houses on the Desert are provided with European comforts. At Suez, passengers embark in another steamer for Bombay;† and the above Company are building at Liverpool two steam-frigates to run between Suez and the Indian Presidencies. Thus far, as to the line of service for which the *Oriental* is appropriated, and appositely named. Apart from this importance—of extreme interest to all who regard the rapid progress of ocean steam navigation—this fine vessel is the largest steam-ship ever built at Liverpool; and her cost has been about £75,000—a sum equal to the purchase-money of a fair estate! Her construction is admirable, and with her interior equipments, combines so many points of novelty and improvement, that, by aid of a Liverpool journal, we shall proceed to describe them in detail.

The *Oriental* is of 1670 tons admeasurement; with engines of the best construction, by Messrs. Fawcett, Preston, and Co., of 450 horse-power. She is of an universally admitted beautiful model, and constructed throughout, without regard to trouble or expense, of the choicest materials; and on the most improved principles, to insure swiftness with the greatest strength and security. Mr. Wilson, the builder, has, indeed, in this instance, further confirmed his title to the appellation of one of the first builders in England; for, if we look to the fine proportions of the *Oriental*, her fastenings, and her large body, within an apparently small compass, we know of no vessel that approaches her. She has a handsome figure-head, and an emblematically carved stern, and looks beautiful on the water. On going on board, the visitor is first struck by the

Deck Accommodations.—These are most extensive: large as is the vessel, no space has been lost, and no single department cramped or confined. The vessel is frigate-built, with a spar-deck. The Saloon, with the sleeping-rooms attached to it, occupies the after part of the main-deck, under the quarter-deck. On each side of this deck, are rooms for the officers and men of the ship; the starboard side being laid out for the commander, officers, and blue-jackets, and the larboard side for the engineers and their firemen. Half of the top-gallant fore-castle is fitted up for the sheep and pigs, so that, being at the extreme end of the vessel, no disagreeable smell is perceptible by the passengers. Her main-deck and its appurtenances, (including the cook-houses, &c.) are, indeed, the most complete of any vessel we have seen.

The *Spar Deck*, (or upper deck) affords an uninter-

* From a sketch recently made at Southampton.

† The port of Bombay has become one of the most important points of the globe for steam navigation. Her steamers regularly ply to the mouths of the Indus, the Persian Gulf, the Red Sea, and Suez, where they every month transport the correspondence from India, China, and the Indian Archipelago, carrying back in exchange the correspondence of Europe with Asia. The last courier who came by that route, was the bearer of no less than 50,000 letters for Europe.—*Journal des Debats*, December 1841.

rupted promenade, 200 feet in length. The gratings occupy little more than the space of a large hatchway, between the mainmast and foremast; and, tarpaulins being provided to place over them in bad weather, the passengers have an opportunity of enjoying a dry walk at all times, on the deck below, which is kept clear as much as possible of central erections for that purpose. The only building on the spar-deck is a neat structure close aft, fronted by a small colonnade of Ionic columns. Here are two commodious smoking-rooms, each with windows on three sides, commanding extensive views, and so arranged as not to interfere with the helmsman, who is, in fact, boxed in a comfortable room in the centre, so that his attention cannot be distracted by intercourse with the passengers. The back part of this room is appropriated to the keeping in readiness the signal flags. In connexion with this deck, are four large quarter-boats; also a life-boat over the stern, built after the principle of the American life-boat.

The vessel is rigged in the usual way as a three-masted schooner, or rather hermaphrodite, the foremast having yards like those of a ship. Her spars and rigging, however, are more than usually light even for a steam-ship, so that they will present very slight obstruction to her going head to wind. The lower rigging is of wire—itsself a good conductor of lightning; but, in addition to this, Snow Harris's conductors have been attached to all the spars, and carried down to the sheathing copper; thus (without "inviting" lightning to the ship) effectually protecting human life, should she be struck by the electric fluid.

The *principal Fore Cabin* is very superior for first-class passengers. There is a private state-room attached, also a berth for the surgeon, and another for the Admiralty Agent. Further forward, with a separate entrance, is a mess-room for the officers.

The *Lower After Cabins*, which are under the Saloon, are different in design from anything yet afloat. Air and light are copiously admitted, commodious rooms are secured, and the dormitories or berths are amidships; so that the rolling, if any, is scarcely perceptible; and the rush of the water against the vessel's side, is not, as in the usual plan, heard close to the ear. A wide well-lighted passage or lobby across the ship, terminating in a staircase, on the larboard side, leads from the Saloon, and also from the main-deck, to these apartments; as well as a staircase near the stern. A double range of sleeping-rooms occupies the middle. The space between them and the vessel's side, is formed on one side into a Tea-room, and on the other into an equally spacious Lounging-room, with a central communicating passage between. These rooms are amply lighted by large port-windows in the sides of the ship. The top framework of each sleeping-room door is fitted with a green Venetian blind: over the cornice is an open railing or balustrade for the free ingress and egress of air.

Adjoining the Tea-room there is a Ladies' Retiring-room, handsomely panelled with mirrors. Leading from this room, in the middle of the ship, are two spacious Bed-rooms.

The Purser's Store-room, further aft, is a curiosity; and the Wine-cellar below contains space for upwards of four hundred dozens of wine, separately packed.

The vessel is aired throughout on scientific principles: every state-room has a separate self-acting ventilating pipe; and every lower berth has two pipes to carry the air up to the cabin ceiling, to be thence conveyed into the atmosphere by large ventilating pipes, between the stern timbers.

The *Saloon* is a most splendid apartment, seventy feet

in length by twenty-one feet in width. The style is Grecian: on each side and at the fore end, are Ionic columns, supporting the beams of the roof. Between these, the walls of the room are panelled in *papier mâché*, of a bright straw colour, and simply but beautifully ornamented with a light filagree scroll; this, as well as the general painting and decoration of the ship, is the work of Mr. Goore. In the middle of the Saloon, stands a handsome rosewood sideboard, topped and edged with marble, so as to prevent articles placed on it from rolling off. On each side of it are handsome bookcases to correspond; and at the back is a large mirror. Four mahogany tables, forming two rows, run longitudinally along the room, with sofa seats. These will accommodate 120 persons at dinner. The arrangement over the tables for glasses, decanters, &c. is quite original. Two mahogany turned pillars rise from near the ends of each table to the roof, and on these are fixed several mahogany shelves, within an inch or two of each other, and decreasing in size as they over-top each other pyramidically. These shelves, except the lower one in each range, are perforated in holes and grooves, to admit of decanters, &c. in the top shelves, and at the lower or outward edge, a little above the level of the heads of the guests when seated, of wine glasses; so that the whole of the tables may be kept free from glasses or decanters during an entertainment, (to the salvation of both wine and crystal,) while the company may see and converse with each other without interruption.

Amongst what is conducive to safety, health, and comfort on board, we may enumerate the following items:—Vaucher's patent pumps, (four in number,) capable of throwing out 200 gallons of water per minute, so as to master a leak, even were it to the extent of the opening of a butt. The vessel is also divided into compartments fitted with iron water-tight bulkheads; so that, should injury be done to any particular part of the ship, these bulkheads will protect the other portion. Seven iron beds for invalids, are so hung on centres as to swing with the motion of the vessel. There are also two ice-houses, a carpenter's workshop, a boatswain's store-room, and a cabouse, with ventilators from the floats when in action.

On looking generally at the *Oriental* and her accommodations, we are impressed with their completeness, although we search in vain for extrinsic embellishments. There is no gilding, no elaborate carving, no pictorial devices. All is plain, simple, and harmonious, but beautiful withal. Every thing is appropriate to the place and the occasion: comfort is combined with elegance. The Marine Superintendent of the Company, Mr. Shaw, has shown great ability and good taste in all the arrangements.

We should not omit adding, that the vessel is fitted for being armed, in case of need, with four sixty-eight pounder swivel-guns, besides broadside-guns; and, at comparatively a moment's notice, can be turned into one of the most formidable war-steamer in the world. When so much interest is manifested by the public as to our present means of naval defence, it may not be improper here to state, that Government has lately adopted an admirable plan for creating a powerful steam-flotilla, without putting the country to expense. The whole of the larger class of steam-ships contracted for to be employed in the Mail service, are required to be built and fitted so as to be immediately convertible into ships of war; and the Admiralty have the power, under the contracts, to purchase them for such purposes in case of need. Thus, under the contracts for the East Indian, the West Indian, and the North American Mail services, a fleet of twenty steamers, such as no country in the world can boast of any parallel to, will be at the command of Government without any charge to the nation until their

services are actually required. As a troop-ship, the *Oriental* could convey one thousand men with comfort from England to the Mediterranean; or, in assisting the operations of an army, two thousand might be put on board of her. Her average speed is about ten knots; and she has run a distance of 276 miles in twenty-four hours.

A peculiar interest is attached to the *Oriental*, from her being the vessel in which the lamented Sir David Wilkie died last summer.

SPRING.

BY A SHERWOOD-FOREST YOUTH.

Joy! for the hoary Winter-king
Hath fled with all his stormy band;
Scared by the parleying voice of Spring,
Sounding along the rugged land.
Joy! for the blithe young Spring appears,
With bashful face—half smiles, half tears—
A pilgrim o'er the earth!
Up from the south she breathes—and lo!
The hard ice loosens—melts the snow,
And flowers her dewy footpath strow—
Beauty's perpetual birth!

Hail the fair spirit to our clime—
Guide of warm days and rosy hours!
Mirth humming ever some sweet rhyme—
Deep-bosomed Pleasure—Hope with flowers,
Twining the brow of wakening Love,
And Memory dreaming like a dove—
All follow in her train;
And with bland influences cheer
The trembling footsteps of the year,
Wandering through regions dark and drear,
With winter's sullen reign!

From sunrise into waning night,
Heaven breathes its seasonable calms;
Morning, along the eastern height,
Breaking the clouds with rosy palms;
Now, when the white clouds melt as dreams,
And the broad smile of Godhead beams
The sunshine from above;
Pale eve, when dew in twilight fall,
Night with her argent glories—all
To Spring and to each other call,
In the sweet voice of Love!

Woods late with barren branches seen,
Swinging grey lichens to the wind,
Are flushed with softest tints of green,
Where leaf-buds pierce the rugged rind.
Some blossoms on them may have burst,
'Mongst the old berries, ere the first
Red leaf-tufts greener show;
The birch tree's yellow flowers are blown,
The chestnut lifts its pearly cone,
And the broad elm is overgrown
With bunches white as snow.

How rich a green the meadows wear,
Kindled with stars of white and gold;
Where to the sun and dewy air
King-cups and daisy-buds unfold.
The violet scents a sylvan nook;
The crocus sways beside the brook;
Wild honeysuckles run
In blossom my trails about the woods;
And 'mongst the thorn's empurpled buds,
The pilewort wreathes its golden studs,
That whiten in the sun.

Fond welcome to the Spring is shown,
Rich sounding voices fill the sky;
The cuckoo's mellow monotone
Answers the wryneck's herald cry.
The throistle sings 'mongst flying showers,
The sky-lark, mute in gloomier hours,

Shrill-voiced soars up afar;
Swiftly the twittering swallow flies,
And our old guest 'neath wintry skies,
The robin, pipes from morning-rise
To evening's latest star.

The plover's wailing note is heard,
The bittern's boom in marshy grounds,
Clamours the speckled woodland-bird,
The crane his trumpet shrilly sounds;
Hares in the grass half-buried play,
Leaving dark foot-tracks all their way,
Under the scatter'd dews;
The milch-cow's low sounds on the ear,
And running 'mongst the tangling brier,
The long-wool'd sheep with cry of fear,
Its truant lamb pursues.

And hark—the black-and-golden bee—
Blythe trumpeter of vernal time!
Round and round the blossom's lea,
Or settles on the budding lime.
Towards rushy pools the dragon-fly,
With rich-dyed body, glances by;
The droning sand wasp's heard;
And spotted moths—shy creatures they!
Spring from deep flowers, and sail away,
With zigzag flight—through all the day,
Baffling the chasing bird.

Oh! welcome, Spring, whose bounteous hours
Crown earth with riches night and day;
Mother of April, weeping showers—
Impassioned June, and dove-like May.
Beautiful sprite, our hearts shall bear
Sweet memories of thy gentle care,
Through Summer's glowing prime;
And bless thee for thy promise kind,
When the brown harvest-sheaves we bind,
And ripe fruits fall without a wind,
In merry Autumn-time.

JOHN GIBSON.

AN EXCURSION ROUND NAPLES.

BY A LADY.

WE left Naples, (*bella cara mia Napoli*), on a bright May afternoon, in an open carriage, at two o'clock, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. T., their maid, and *little dog*: we had not gone far when we ran over the said *little dog's* tail, which made me wish he had not made the sixth animal of the party. We reached the hotel at La Cara, called the Villa di Roma, at half-past six, and soon were enjoying a capital dinner. The drive from Naples to La Cara is exceedingly interesting: it passes Pompeii, and all along the road, traces of former eruptions of Vesuvius may be perceived. The ground is highly cultivated, no space being lost even under the vines; and all this is done by manual labour. The vines of Vesuvius are famous, the lava soil being particularly favourable to the grape. We left La Cara next morning for Pastum, and reached it at twelve o'clock; our route was through a splendid country; and though La Cara itself is inland, and surrounded by verdant hills and mountains, the sea may be reached from it in half an hour; and Salerno is only three miles distant from the shore. We inspected the three fine temples of Pastum: one is dedicated to Ceres, another to Neptune, and the third is called the Basilica; there are also some remains of a theatre, and part of the ancient walls. *Augustus visited these temples as ruins*; and the guide spoke of the additions made by the Romans as modern. The columns of the temples are of the Doric order; the stone of which they are formed is supposed to have been previously petrified in the waters of the Silarus, which will account for their extraordinary durability; they are so ancient that

no date can be affixed to them. We left these stupendous wonders after a substantial *luncheon* in the temple of *Ceres*, and our active little steeds almost flew back with us to La Cara; we stopped at Salerno, and visited the cathedral, which contains some very pretty mosaics brought from the temple of Neptune at Pastum; two pulpits and the ground near the altar are also adorned with them: there are likewise two beautiful columns of verd-antique taken from the same temple. We found a good dinner ready for us; and the next morning started on donkeys for Amalfi. Never before had I been so perfectly enchanted with scenery! Our road, or rather donkey path, wound round the edge of a cliff above the sea; verdant hills were above us, fragrant with myrtle and wild flowers; the many little fishing towns which lay at our feet, were truly picturesque—being seated on the sands, within miniature bays, the shores of which were lined with boats and fishing-tackle. We were struck by the flat roofs of the tiny houses, on which the peasants dry their linen and Indian corn; and hither they also repair in the evening, to enjoy the *fresco*, and gossip with their neighbours—to us a novel mode of visiting. We met a lady carried in a *portantini*, (a chair with poles supported on men's shoulders,) accompanied by several persons on horseback; and this cavalcade winding round the mountain, whilst a flat-roofed village lay at our feet, a single dome rising in the midst covered with gaily-painted tiles, gave an Eastern appearance to the scene. In the middle of the day, we alighted and sat on some stones on the sea-shore, near a little town, refreshing ourselves with bread, cheese and oranges we had brought with us; not to mention a *cipollo*, (I dare not write the name in English,) which one of our guides dragged from the ground in a neighbouring garden, and which our gentlemen much enjoyed. The peasants gathered round us, *not with gaping mouths and mute astonishment*, but gabbling to each other; there were some handsome ragged girls amongst them, and I proposed throwing *grani* for them to have a scramble, but unfortunately it ended with the women in tears. On we went, amusing ourselves with the guides, who were indeed merry fellows; and on reaching the foot of the hill, on which the inn stands at lovely Amalfi, we were obliged to dismount, and follow our donkeys up a steep flight of steps, which leads to the monastery—the present hotel.

Here is a natural cave, surrounded by saints in *terracotta*, where the monks used to pray; the cells of the monastery are now devoted to sleeping apartments for heretics and others, and our cell had a nice little *loggia*, which commanded a splendid view. In the *refectory*, where "*Silence*" was written up, we enjoyed a merry and unsaintlike meal; inasmuch as it was very *substantial*, the *cuisine* of the monastery being capital, and the *vin ordinaire* very good. The following morning we left Amalfi for Castellamare, by a very rough and mountainous path; the scenery being altogether of a different character from that of the day before. We were much fatigued, not reaching Castellamare till six o'clock, and directly got into a boat and proceeded to Sorrento; there was unfortunately little wind, and as it grew dark, Mrs. T. grew so alarmed as to beg to be left there on a rock, rather than proceed in the *obscurity*. If poor Mathews had been there, he would have justly replied: "Lots of fear, marm, but no danger." We did not reach Sorrento till nine, and what was our dismay, whilst resting on our oars under the sweet Villa Syrene, (an hotel,) to hear the cry of "no apartments!" We landed at a little distance, and were obliged to walk at least a mile and a half to the Cocomello, through the narrow lanes of Sorrento, with now and then a feeble light under the image of a virgin to guide us on our way. It was nearly eleven o'clock before we reached the

Cocomello, which is situated in a garden; and it is a long walk from it to the sea; whereas the Syrene, being on a cliff just above the rocks, is the pleasantest situation for those who like boating. We embarked the following day at three o'clock for the island of Capri, and reached it at six, having had but little fair wind. The Hotel de Londres, where we slept, offers but miserable accommodation and wretched fare; the best rooms were occupied by vulgar German Swiss, some of whom offered their room to us at the request of the master; we were surprised to find a fire in it, but when we had nearly settled, they sent us word that they thought only men were to have occupied the room, in which case one of them, who was an invalid, might have sat by the fire; so our only alternative was to vacate as quickly as possible; and my husband and I were obliged to sleep in a little hole, without a window, mis-called a room. After dinner, the girls of the inn and some from the village, danced the Tarantalla to a guitar and a tamborine; having before seen it danced by two little graceful children, I was not much inclined to admire the uncouth peasants. The dance is intended to represent a girl coquetting with her lover, who at the end is supposed to be conquered, and falls on one knee, looking up in her face, whilst she dances round him.

The dance we witnessed that night took place in the room we had left to the Germans, and we of course supposed it was then again vacated by them; but what was my surprise on looking towards a bed in one corner, to see a little old head peeping from it, in a black cotton nightcap; this was, I suppose, owned by the poor sick man; and long after we had left the room, they were laughing and dancing away his night's rest. The following morning, we went on donkeys to the Villa Tiberius, where the mosaics, though not pretty, are extraordinarily perfect, as they are exposed to the open air, and must be eighteen centuries old. We then returned to our inn, and from thence rode to the shore, where our boat was waiting to take us to the famous *blue grotto*, a short distance off, under the cliff; it was discovered some time since by an Englishman, who was bathing, and after diving, came up in this fairy retreat. Little boats, which will contain two persons and the rower, were waiting outside; my husband and I got into one of them, and sat in the bottom of it; and as we entered the apparently very small mouth of the cave, the man stood up and touched the top of the rock with his hand to make the boat go down, otherwise it would have struck; this is owing to the swell, and when the sea is agitated after a storm it is impossible to enter. We found ourselves, in a moment, inside the grotto, the water of which I never saw equalled in colour, excepting by the deep blue liquid which we see in druggists' shop-windows; we landed on a rock in the grotto, and the men looked to us like frightful demons, whilst the little boat we had left appeared quite black; our timid companion joined us, in a boat with her maid, but she was too alarmed to enjoy the curious scene. After this we all re-entered our boat, with its picturesque lateen sails, and steered for Sorrento; the breeze favoured us, soon all our crew, except the helmsman, slept, and our little bark glided noiselessly over the calm waters of the lovely bay of Napoli.

On reaching Sorrento, we walked to a pretty villa where some friends resided, and the next morning we rode on mules to see the "*arco naturale*." It stretches out from a cliff into the sea, and through it we looked on the clear pale blue waters; we also visited the Syrene hotel, and were delighted with its situation, cleanliness, and comfort. It is next to poor Tasso's villa, which, were it in the hands of an Englishman, might be made a pleasant summer residence. We walked through dirty little Sorrento, and

saw at a cabinet-maker's some pretty specimens of *carubba*, *noce*, lemon, olive-wood, &c., made into neat little portable articles, such as book-stands, letter-boxes, &c., as specimens of the wood of the country. The next morning we left Sorrento at nine o'clock on mules, by the new carriage-road, to Castelamare: it presents the most splendid scenery, perhaps more beautiful, and certainly grander, than that between La Cara and Amalfi. There is a picturesque bridge on the road, which resembles an aqueduct, reversed, (if I may so express myself,) as its four high, narrow arches are thrown over four smaller ones. We passed through Vico, a pretty romantic town, overhanging the sea; and at Castelamare, we hired a carriage to convey us back to Naples, taking with us a basket of provisions, which we greatly enjoyed in that city of the dead—Pompeii.

We passed along streets nearly as perfect as ever, and of which the very names are known and written up at the corners; we saw the tracks of the chariot-wheels, and penetrated into the mysteries of Isis; we roamed over the Forum; we entered the dwellings of the "mighty who had fallen," and admired the *still* glowing colours of the frescoes on their walls, and gazed on mosaics, the wonderful beauty of which showed us that art can do no more. We passed up the street of the tombs, and saw sepulchres with inscriptions, as if they had been placed there yesterday; these and many other wonders of this once dissipated and luxurious city, struck us with awe and wonder, particularly when we remembered, that it was covered in with ashes from Vesuvius in the year 79 of the Christian era. I could not speak, and said in my heart—Man builds, and God destroys—yet how much more fragile art thou, vain man, than thy works! We entered the carriage which awaited us at the end of the street of the tombs; and in silence drove back to the Chiaja, where I close this fragment of an unpublished journal. *Vale!* B. B.

THE WAR IN INDIA.

[At the present moment, the following details may be of interest, as showing the means used by the Indians, to stir up their men against us.]

Extracts from a document found among the papers seized at the house of Meer Abbas Ally, at the revolt of Hyderabad.

"This paper of instructions relative to the advantages of engaging in war against Infidels,* founded upon the authority of the commands of God, and the traditions of the prophets, (upon whom and upon whose families and posterities be God's blessing,) exists in the Arabic language; but in order that it may be rendered intelligible to all, both high and low, it is here translated into Hindostanee, and it is this:

"Whoever suffers death in a cause supporting the truth, God remits his sins, and he is admitted into paradise, without any question being asked him. He undergoes no examination, nor purgatory punishment. He is purified from all his sins both small and great, whence it is that when a man has obtained martyrdom, he is buried all besmeared with blood, as he fell without being previously washed; for he dies pure and is admitted into the number of the martyrs, and after the prophets, not even the saints obtain such glory in death. But how can the excellence be described which attends the act of warring against infidels? even were the sea to be used for ink, and every tree of the jungle used for pens, that excellence could not be fully described. The promise is this. On the day of battle, if a single Mussulman stands forward in opposition to ten infidels, and does not shrink back, but in the conflict slays his opposers, he becomes a *Ghazee*, that is, his

* By "the Infidels" are understood the English.

sins are forgiven; should he be slain, he is a martyr. When a man forms a resolution to engage in war with infidels, his upholders are the prophets, (upon whom be God's blessing,) as also God the solver of all difficulties with his angels; this is the dignity obtained by firmness. But the man who from cowardice turns his back to the infidels is lost, and no honour attends him. Surely it is well known to all, both high and low, at this time, how the Mussulmauns on all sides, uniting together, have put the infidels to death, as at Machalabundah, where they slew seven hundred, and at Modurs, a whole battalion, and in like manner at other places.

"So far the truths of Religion and Salvation have been considered: turn we now to worldly interests.

"Every one who shall unite and associate with the Mussulmauns, for the purpose of waging war upon the infidels, he and all such persons shall be rewarded with double the pay they now receive, as well as high situations; and be entitled to the privilege of using a palankeen. And whoever following the religion of Mohammed shall, in firmly advancing against the infidels, fall a martyr, his family and children to all successive generations shall be well provided for. And if any one being destitute of religion and faith, shall refuse to join the army of the faithful, assembled to wage war against the infidels, his wife and children shall be thrown into the mill and ground to death, and he shall never be admitted into service in the court of the Mussulmaun monarch, and without doubt he will go to hell; for by not joining us he has become a traitor to his country and fortune, a slave to the infidels, and an eater of the fragments of their table."

FROM A CORRESPONDENT.

THE AGE WE LIVE IN.—LOCOMOTION.

(Extract from a letter to the Editor.)

SOME four or five years ago, when the Grand Junction Railway was opened, I got into a "first class" seat one autumn afternoon, rather tired with previous travel, and fell into a "conscious" doze. We left Birmingham at five o'clock; within a few minutes of nine, I was fully aroused by the rumbling and jarring of the train in descending through the vast tunnel which runs into the heart of the British New York;—the clock struck nine as the door was flung open—I was in Liverpool. So long a journey by railway was then a striking novelty. I had traversed ninety-seven miles without any distinct perception of distance—I was fresher than when I started.

I recal the feelings which I experienced at the end of this journey as a sort of general illustration of the character of the time we live in. "The world" moves so fast that we have no leisure to take deliberate note of its progress;—we are unconscious of the speed at which we are going.

Only look back for ten years. What vast changes have taken place during that brief period! Nearly the whole railway system has been brought into operation—ay, within the last four years. The journey which so much astonished me in July 1837, is now no more thought of than a trip in a steam boat from London to Gravesend, and even that has been reduced about one-half since 1832.* The ocean has been conquered within our decennial cycle. One of our most eminent writers on the steam-engine prophesied that it would be impossible successfully to establish steam communication from England to the United States—

* One of the steam-boats on the Dover station performed the voyage from London to Dover, the other day, in five hours and forty minutes; some years ago we were nearly five hours in going to Gravesend, against tide.

within a few months after the words passed his lips, the *Great Western* effected her first triumph;—and it is confidently expected that her gigantic consort the *Great Britain* (which will not be ready until March, 1843,) will form a steam bridge over the Atlantic of only eight days' length! Again, the present year has witnessed the establishment of a line of fourteen steam-ships of the size of the *Great Western*, which will, undoubtedly, exercise extraordinary influence over the destinies of part of the American Continent and the whole of the West Indies, by bringing those countries into close communication with Europe. Steam has also brought the East Indies near to us. A letter is now received from Bombay in as many weeks as it took months some three or four years ago—or even less. Politics are forbidden, most properly, in your *Journal*—else how much might be said of political and certain economical changes since 1832! Look too, at our newspapers and periodicals;—how striking the improvement in the London Press!—the country press has virtually almost risen into existence during ten years—it has more than doubled in number;—whilst, from being in most cases mere records of advertisements and "dreadful accidents," provincial papers now tread fast on the heels of their Metropolitan rivals! The late John Scott, I think, when the *London Magazine* was projected under his auspices by Taylor and Hessey, in 1820, prophesied that in twenty years almost all our literature would assume a periodical cast; and really poor Scott's expectation is already in a fair way of being realised! Cheap literature, barring the *Mirror*, has absolutely risen into existence since March 1832, when the *Penny Magazine* made its first appearance; and the *Waverley Novels*, and other works of equal reputation, are now within the compass of the humblest mechanic.

But I have wandered a little from the locomotive train of thought, which I intended to have followed closely. I might fill columns of your *Journal*, were I merely to indicate the progress which has been made during the last decennial period, and again conclude by asking—who gives himself time to think of it? How great is the influence of improvements in locomotion on human happiness—human prosperity—human advancement! Good roads, as everybody knows, are the first great civiliser; and we are now applying to distant countries the means which have aided us in developing the resources of the most extraordinary country that the world ever saw, (this is not John Bullism, but sober fact)—Great Britain. If we have made so marvellous a progress in ten years, what may we not expect to make in the next twenty? Instead of a tour to Wales or the Highlands, people will then think of making a summer trip to the *Rocky Mountains*; the south of France will be deserted by invalids, who will flock to the Blue Mountains of Jamaica, and the Azores; perchance, medical men will recommend Australia for some constitutions; and when the communication across the Isthmus of Panama is improved, and the projected line of Pacific steamers in connexion with the existing West India line, carried out, Australia will be within a comparatively easy distance! Madeira is already within a few days sail. There is much, however, to arrest our attention, in the first place, within our own seas. I, for one, am anxious to make myself thoroughly acquainted with the wonders—the striking scenes—the triumphs of art—which abound in the British Islands; and this, with all the aid of steam, if you set about it practically, cannot be done in a hurry. How few, comparatively speaking, even yet possess a tolerable acquaintance with the scenes and things which we have generally indicated! People go too much in beaten tracks; they ring the changes on a few watering-places, and soon get satiated; if you look below the sur-

face, how extensively the *nil admirari* feeling characterises men! This is perhaps most easily ameliorated by transition—by enabling every-day people to form comparisons. Now spring has again revisited us, dear Ed., and incipient tourists begin to ask each other, “where shall we go this summer?” I may perhaps, some idle hour, sketch a few *home tours*; if I do not, pray take the subject in hand before the leafy month of June. Mrs. S. C. Hall, in her charming work on Ireland, remarked the other day, in describing the wilds of Wicklow—that you may be in the heart of its mountains—which are always most anxiously looked for from the sublime summit of SNOWDON, and sometimes seen like a dim cloud connecting earth with heaven along the far west—yes, that the world-worn Londoner may be in the midst of those splendid solitudes within twenty-four hours after leaving his home!

Yours very sincerely,

VVYAN.

Gloucestershire, March 22, 1842.

ENTRANCE OF BISHOP ALEXANDER INTO JERUSALEM.

BY MRS. H. W. RICHTER.

“Arise, shine, for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee.”—Isa. lx. 1.

TWILIGHT was darkening over Salem's towers,
And silence brought again sweet evening hours;
On Bethlehem's vale the softening shadows lie,
On Moab's mountains tow'ring to the sky;
And Siloa's brook, in faintly murmuring swell,
Seem'd on its lonely way, of former things to tell.

Far off, a gathering sound comes on the ear,
Like to the voice of many waters near;
A wide-spread multitude is hastening on,
Upon their heads the parting sunbeams shone;
And o'er the foremost, who the thoughts may tell,
That at that moment in his bosom swell!

Fling back the gates, for one of Judah's race,
Comes with glad tidings to your ancient place.
He comes to fill your homes with Christian light,
To chase away the long, long weary night.
He comes in truth's own power and majesty,
And tells of One who died on Calvary.
Haste to the light, before the day declines,
While yet for you the sun of mercy shines.

Auspicious eve! methinks on Zion's brow,
A softer colouring would the moonlight throw;
And on the lofty palms sweet shadows be,
That shade thy boundary, dark Gethsemane!
“A voice from Ramah comes,” with gladness fraught,
Deliverance to the long-benighted brought;
The dawn of better days, the glimmering star,
The light prophetic shines again from far;
The ensign is upraised,—dispersed band,
Haste to the summons from your father-land!

Enter the fold, “for the Great Shepherd reigns,”
And coming radiance lights your dreary plains;
Age after age—deserted and alone
Is silent Edom, blank oblivion's throne;
There does no ray of cheering light illumine
The shrine forsaken, and the ruined tomb:
But *thou* art visited with grace Divine,
Again on thee doth sovereign mercy shine!
Lone Palestina—lift thy voice once more,
Deliverance comes to thee from Britain's shore.
The shadows of thy night are passing by,
Daughter of Zion, see the promise nigh!
Thy gates, Jerusalem, shall once again,
Echo rejoicing over mount and plain.
When earth's sad wanderers shall own the power
Of truth, fair blessings on their land will shower.

Watchmen upon the towers of Judah cry,
Come to the light ere the day passes by!
The first faint streaks foretell the coming dawn,
May the deep veil of darkness be withdrawn!
The “latter days” begin,—to every shore
Let the “glad tidings” be repeated o'er;
A voice from Judah's ancient city calls,
“Praise and salvation” is within her walls!

The Armourer of Paris.

A ROMANCE OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

CHAP. VII.—*How Perinet prepared to deliver up the City into the hands of Isabelle.*

THE wall which Philip Augustus built, in 1190, to surround the old city of Paris, commenced on both sides the river from a little above the Pont des Arts, and terminated at the east, a short distance below the two bridges of Marie and La Tournelle, which now lead across from the north and south to the Isle of St. Louis. It was surmounted throughout by a parapet, and fortified by towers at regular intervals; as well as four of larger size at its extremities on the banks of the river, named Les Tours du Bois, de Billi, de la Tournelle, and the Tour de Nesle—the latter being celebrated as the scene of one of the most fearful legends that were ever handed down to posterity. The gates appear to have been twelve or thirteen in number, and at the period of our story, (1418) opened at once upon the plains surrounding the city; there being merely a few clusters of buildings to break the expanse. The Porte St. Germain—the keys of which were under the guardianship of Master Leclerc,—was situated as nearly as may be upon the site of the present Carrefour de l'Odeon, and formed one of the principal entrances to the city from the *faubourg* of the same name. The house of Perinet's father was built against this wall, having some of its upper windows opening upon the ramparts; whilst the lower part communicated with the Rue de Paon, a street no longer existing.

Little of life was stirring in the streets of old Paris after sunset, nor indeed was it safe to be alone in any spot not immediately in sight of the sentinels upon the wall. The dark and narrow thoroughfares derived the chief part of their illumination from the windows of the houses, or the occasional passage of the marching watch, bearing cressets and flambeaux; but when these had paraded, and the lights in the dwellings were extinguished, the city was wrapped in complete obscurity. It may be readily conceived that few passengers were abroad. Theft and murder were, under cover of the darkness, committed with impunity; and the wretched unpaved roads, difficult to traverse in the day-time, were after night-fall perfectly impassable.

It is no wonder, then, that the inhabitants of the *quartier* adjacent to the Porte St. Germain were roused from their wonted quietude by an unusual turmoil in the streets some time after sunset, a few days subsequent to Perinet's interview with Queen Isabelle at Tours; or that they speedily turned out into the open air to learn the cause of so strange a disturbance. The space in front of the gate was occupied by a large body of archers bearing torches, who kept clear a large square, in the centre of which a herald was reading a proclamation. But the general confusion prevented it from being heard by more than the few immediately around him; and it was not until he had read it two or three times, that the bourgeois thoroughly understood its meaning, which was to this effect:

“In the name of our Lord the King, Charles the VI.

It having been proved upon the confessions of the Chevalier de Bourdon, that a criminal attachment existed between him and the queen, who, forgetful of her virtue and her rank, has proposed to Monsieur the Constable to abandon her new allies, on the sole condition that the Chevalier should be restored to her; as by this treaty, signed by her own hand at Tours, she confesses the crime herself, the king, aided by his counsel, deposes the Queen Isabelle, declares her acts null and void, and banishes her for ever from the kingdom."

A murmur of surprise and indignation rose from the crowd, when they perfectly understood the purport of the herald's proclamation, which, it will be seen, the depth of the Constable had planned from the queen's admission during their last interview. Nor was their excitement quelled, as a detachment of the guard surrounded the dwelling of Master Leclerc, whilst their captain clamoured loudly at the gate for admission.

The gate-keeper had come out upon the ramparts at the beginning of the confusion, and now demanded of the archer what he wanted.

"You must open your doors, in the king's name," was the reply.

"And why has this order been given?" asked Leclerc.

"Because the queen has men concealed in Paris who are devoted to her cause, and we have orders to find their hiding-places."

"You can enter, sir captain," replied Leclerc; "this key will admit you;" and tying his scarf round the key, that it might be easily seen, he threw it down to the archer, who directly opened the door of the house, and went in, accompanied by all his men, except one, whom he left on guard at the entrance.

The crowd gathered round the porch, and one or two were about to interrogate the guard, when an amazon forced her way through the mass, and giving the archer a pull, which turned him right round, sharply exclaimed,

"So, Master Bourdichon, it is you, is it? Inform me, directly, what all this means, and who it is they are looking after."

"My wife!" cried the unhappy little man, as he recognised his helpmate. "Hush! it is Perinet they are seeking."

"And wherefore?"

"Because the constable is very anxious to hang him," was the reply, in a low voice.

"Miserable pigmy!" cried Dame Bourdichon, bestowing upon him a cuff which nearly knocked him through the door-way; "you have betrayed him, then!"

"Wife! wife!" exclaimed the luckless bourgeois, "I couldn't help it. They took me into the châtelet, and tied me down upon an iron bed; and in two minutes the plate got so hot, that in comparison to it, the fire of the infernal regions was as mild as a summer breeze! I tell you, you would have betrayed your father and mother in such a strait."

Dame Bourdichon was about to seize the halberd from her husband, and inflict upon him summary punishment, when the archers re-appeared from the house, having discovered no one beyond the usual inmates of the dwelling. The shrew fell back at their approach, and the whole body marched away, Master Bourdichon praying inwardly that something might occur which should empower him to send his wife into the châtelet.

In another quarter of an hour, all was again tranquil; the crowd had returned to their homes, and the band of soldiers proceeded to read the proclamation in another part of the city. But a light still burnt in the chamber of Master Leclerc, for his mind was ill at ease, and he was pacing his room in extreme inquietude. The visit of the

soldiers had somewhat alarmed him, and Perinet had been absent from Paris for several days, without his father receiving any tidings of his safety.

He opened one of the windows of his room, and stepped out upon the ramparts. It was a starlight night, and the objects immediately below the wall were plainly visible; but beyond a hundred yards distance all was wrapped in gloom, through which could, however, be discovered the illuminated windows of the churches of St. Sulpice, and St. Germain des Pres, where mass was being performed. As he leaned against the embattlement of the turret, musing upon the occurrences of the evening, he was startled by the challenge of the sentinel on the gate, his practised ear having detected some slight movement below.

"*Qui vive?*" demanded the man sternly.

"A bourgeois of Paris," was the reply.

"You cannot enter," returned the soldier; "it is the order of the constable."

"Hold!" cried Leclerc, "I should know that voice. He is an acquaintance, Olivier, and I will answer for his entrance. Tell him I will open the wicket for him."

The sentinel conveyed the intimation of Leclerc to the stranger, as the former descended to the gate. In a minute or two he returned, followed by another person wrapped in a cloak.

"Is this new comer really one of your friends, monsieur?" demanded the patrol, approaching Master Leclerc.

"It is all right," was the reply, "and I will be answerable for him."

The sentinel appeared satisfied, and continued his round, whilst Leclerc entered his house with the stranger. He closed the windows and the shutters with apparent caution; and then the visitor threw off his cloak and hat, and the father and son were together—for it was Perinet.

"Once more then, my son," exclaimed the old man, embracing him, "you are beneath my roof. I have been tortured with suspense, Perinet, during your absence; a hundred silly fears have destroyed my peace. But you must pardon the iniquitude of a father, for I have but you in the world to love."

The armourer knelt at the old man's feet, who raised him tenderly.

"You have done well to come to my house this night, Perinet," continued Leclerc; "mischievous is abroad; the city is in a perturbed state, and I know that your young blood is ardent and impatient. You are not, I trust, going to return home."

"I came hither, my father, to beg an asylum for the night."

"There is a bed ready for you in the next chamber. But why," continued Leclerc, "are your features so sombre and pensive? they are usually joyous and laughing when you are here."

"Nothing, my father—nothing has occurred, that I am aware of," replied the armourer, hesitating and confused.

"I believe you," continued Leclerc; "and yet, your apparent agitation has somewhat alarmed me. It is not an hour since, that the archers of the constable came to this house, in search of some one whose name I could not learn."

"Well, my father," replied Perinet, "it could not be me—I have done nothing; and have moreover been several days absent from Paris. What has alarmed you?"

"I know you were punished by D'Armagnac—it is the talk of the city," said Leclerc. "Did you not threaten him at the time with hints of future vengeance?"

"I, my father! no, I was silent," answered Perinet, though the tone in which he spoke belied his words. "But

you must excuse me—I am fatigued, and would seek repose, for the night is now far advanced."

As he spoke, he rose from his seat and took a lamp from the table. His father embraced him anew, and gazed at him fondly as he entered his chamber. Then placing the keys of the Porte St. Germain under his pillow, he threw himself upon his bed, and soon fell fast asleep.

"So," muttered Perinet, as he heard the steady breathing of his father, "he sleeps calmly, and I am watching to bring eternal shame upon his grey hairs—I am here to betray—to ruin him! Vengeance, love, ambition—fiendish passions! ye have triumphed over every other feeling; ye have made me your puppet, and I dare not shrink from my task. The troops of Burgundy are by this time within earshot of the walls, and the keys that shall admit them are beneath my father's pillow. Demons of crime! give me steadfastness of purpose, or the violent throbbings of my heart will waken him, and all will be lost. Haughty D'Armagnac—the red cross which I swore you should wear, will be dearly bought; but you shall still carry it."

ALBERT.

APRIL. BY A BOTANIST.*

—“April comes,
And lightly o'er the living scene,
Scatters her richest, tenderest green.”—Gray.

APRIL is a tearful month, full of gleams and showers—like hope struggling with adversity, but with victory in view. It is not redundant in flowers, but scatters with a lavish hand those that shelter under its verdant wing. Tired with the dreary monotony of winter, who, like some scolding tyrant, still turns round again to repeat his threats, when we are chuckling at the turn of his back—so even in April, hailing as we do the bright green she daily spreads upon the meadows and within the woods, in the midst of our pleasures a storm of hail or rain o'erwhelms us in its dripping embraces again, and compels us to look out for shelter in common with the bee and the too venturesome butterfly.

But suppose a morning of unclouded brightness, the woods vocal with the thrush and the blackbird, and all nature rejoicing in the genial rays of the sun. With such a “bespeak” from the weather-office, we can “look out” with some pleasure and alacrity, and gaining a beautiful and secluded locality, notice leisurely the gems of creation before us. We have reached a little valley among the hills, where, emerging from rocky woods, a brawling streamlet urges its froward course, splashing and murmuring over the round stones in its bed, and then quietly stealing into green meadows, beneath a rough veteran of the forest, overturned by the winter's storm, that now serves a temporary purpose as a rustic foot-bridge. Looking up into a vista of the wood, the *Primroses* now appear in their greatest abundance and perfection. What picture can be more pleasing at this season than to behold a tribe of little ones all busied in the wood, each with their hands buried in primroses? On a close inspection, curious varieties are often found, as the umbelled and liver-coloured *Primroses*, and occasionally the Oxlip, (*P. elatior*) occur. From the latter, the rich deep-coloured *Polyanthuses* of the garden are derived, and the curious florist would therefore do well to collect any singular varieties of *Primrose* or *Oxlip* met with in the woods. In a similar way the singularly-varied blossoms of the favourite tribe of *Auriculas* have all been derived from a small pale-coloured plant of little beauty found on the Alps. Raw meat applied to the roots of *Auriculas* is accounted very beneficial to them, and Withering suggests that a similar application would increase the size and beauty of *Polyanthuses*. This is indeed only an extension of the principle of manuring, which affects even wild flowers very remarkably.

Wherever we now look around, the border of the wood is empurpled with violets. But we had better rest contented with the mere sight of them; they are “dog-violets”—odour-

less. Strange, that amidst the storms of March the sweet violet should present itself; and as bright days arise when we might expect additional odours from the same tribe, a race suddenly appear simulating the beauty of their precursors, but entirely scentless—so that we contemptuously turn away from what without such a prepossession we might have regarded with pleasure and satisfaction. No one likes deception. To make a promise to the eye or ear, and break it to the hope, is no uncommon thing in life, but it is not the less disagreeable for that. The delicate *Anemone* bending before the wind inspires far different emotions—it now whitens o'er the damp copse, closing its petals at sunset, or before rain, and expanding them in the fervid rays of noon. A plant with remarkable thyrsus-like purple agglomerated flowers, now present itself often in great abundance (for its habits are social) on the stony barren banks of brooks and rivers. Though well known in summer by its enormous leaves, which are larger than those of any other British plant, it flowers so early and in such low places as to be seldom noticed, though when found by no means inconspicuous, and offering an agreeable aliment to the bees. This is the Butterbur, (*Tussilago petasites*), whose leaves not appearing till after the flowers have faded, have several times been used by us as parasols in summer botanical excursions, which their size and the length as well as thickness of their petioles well fits them for. The flowers of the *Hybrid Butterbur*, which is rarer than the common kind, have a peculiarly elegant aspect. Another curious plant, only seen at this season, and that but rarely, is the Toothwort, (*Lathraea squamaria*). It is entirely confined to the sheltered woody spots, its roots (considered by some botanists as parasitical) almost always entangled among the roots of trees. Its yellow sickly-looking stalk, clothed only with white tooth-like scales, and its very pale purple flowers, impart to it a singular aspect, and it might easily be passed over at a little distance as a dead or dying flower. I once noticed it in rather a curious locality—the lawn in front of Earl Mountnorris's mansion at Arely, on the roots of lime-trees. This shows that the plant might easily be introduced into grounds or gardens, where it would flourish beneath the shelter of most deciduous trees.

One of the characteristics of April are its golden Celandines, (*Ranunculus ficaria*). A beam of light flashes from the orb of day as he looks forth from a tempestuous passing cloud, and at once in the moist verdant meadow a thousand golden stars spread-out their rays as if at the lifting of an enchanter's wand. Sweetly are they contrasted with the argent stars of the “crimson-tipped Daisy;” and here and there with maculated leaf uprises the bright purple spike of the Early Purple Orchis, (*O. mascula*). In the marsh, the splendid Marsh Marigold, (*Caltha palustris*) presents her specious glories, and far and wide are scattered the light purple Cuckoo-flowers, (*Cardamine pratensis*),—

“Wan-hued Lady-smocks, that love to spring

Near the swamp margin of some plashy pond;”—

from whence perhaps as we approach, away springs the quacking mallard, or the sable coot ruffles the water as she shuffles off in a long extending line.

In moist rocky woods, the Golden Saxifrage now makes a pleasing appearance, the Hawthorn is evidently becoming leafy, and the Wild Cherry beautifully displays its innumerable snowy flowers, and perhaps amidst its branches the newly-arrived nightingale charms the ear with her earliest rapturous melody. In delicacy of aspect, surely no vernal flower can exceed the Wood Sorrel, (*Oxalis acetosella*), which now appears studding the sides of romantic ravine-like lanes, amidst stones, and moss, and fern, or not unfrequently its triune leaves, (said to have been the original shamrock of St. Patrick,) and white drooping flowers cover over the declining moss-covered trunk of a decrepid tree with a wreath of Nature's own approval. The humbler throng of Flora's train, as the green Mercury, the Dead-nettles, and other *plebeii*, we must now at least leave undescribed—for every day presents some addition to them. Several *Ranunculi* also now appear; but in a general glance at vegetable nature, they only claim attention when in their perfect culmination, when their golden tints in broad masses or waving lines give a feature to the landscape with the contrasted hues of other objects.

* H. Lees; in the *Cheltenham Looker-on*.

Lady-botanists and florists should be now on the alert looking over their pots, mourning over the destruction of winter, replacing the ravages of its icy hand, and giving their poor stunted *Geraniums*, &c. the benefit of light and air, as well as of a warm shower, should it present itself opportunely. They must also, bonnet on head, "look out" in the garden, remembering that if seeds are to come up they must be first sown, and now is the time to begin if not begun before. The Chinese Primrose, (*Primula Sinensis*) now looks well, exhibited in full flower in the windows of those who happen to possess it. If fine days, (which however in this fickle climate it is impossible to guarantee) should continue in any succession, the gardens will be studded with the early vernal flora, the primaveral being hardly yet gone out;—wall-flowers, Anemones, Early Tulips, Ranunculi, Narcissi, Jonquils, Hepaticas, Gentianellas, and other hardy herbaceous plants, being in full bloom by the middle of the month. In the rustic garden, the Crown Imperial, (*Fritillaria Imperialis*) and its varieties, now claim a passing attention with its pendant coronals; and what a beautiful appearance is presented on looking WITHIN the flower, and perceiving a lovely milk-white globule in the nectary, at the base of each petal, which retains its place till the flower begins to wither, when it dries up, unless some bird has previously quaffed the delicious draught, leaving only a depression to mark its former position.

New Books.

GODFREY MALVERN; OR, THE LIFE OF AN AUTHOR.

BY THOMAS MILLER.

THIS is a new enterprise in the shilling number school, characteristically embellished, and altogether possessing a lively come-and-read-me air, likely to insure popularity. The portion before us, No. I., is occupied with introductions of the *dram. pers.*, as Godfrey Malvern lamenting the untimely death of his father by a steam-packet explosion, the village rector and his friend, Gregory Gruff, (the latter an original, by the way,) a purse-proud squire and his lovely daughter, and sundry sketches from the rustic population of Sutton-cum-Bottesford; the main incident being the election of Godfrey to the office of parish schoolmaster. The characters and scenery are living and fresh, the sentiment healthy, and the humour quiet and sly, but sarcastic for good purpose. In painting village scenes, Thomas Miller is unrivalled; he occupies the same position in describing rural life that Dickens takes in our metropolitan phases; and Boz we know to be at home on Saffron Hill, but strangely abroad in the "bosky bourn." By-and-by, Mr. Miller will, doubtless, bring his author hero to London, the great mart for genius and talent, imaginary or real, and whence the artificial character of this pseudo-literary age must be sketched. But the author of *A Day in the Woods* has resided long enough in the metropolis to paint some of the struggles and vicissitudes which colour all things here, and to depict the various passions which rage in this vast hotbed of refined existence. Leaving these anticipations, then, let us glance at our author's present success, as in the following pair of village gossips:—

"Facing the low and rough-hewn stone wall which divided the church-yard from the high road, stood a row of thatched cottages, their fronts overlooking the burial ground, from the opposite ascent. Before these white-washed and picturesque dwellings, a green sward went sloping down to the road-side, from which it was divided by a low square-clipped hedge, and a little water-course, that went brawling into the beck of a distant valley. The stream was crossed by a rude barked beam of wood, called by the inhabitants 'the brigg.' On this green the cottage children were playing, and their noise had become at last so obstreperous as to bring out a woman, who came from the door with her knitting in her hand, and calling to one of her boys, said, 'Hush, Billy; how can you blate after that fashion, when you see the young gentleman

still stands crying in the grave-ground? Come in, you little limb, or I'll break every bone in your body! I believe you would hev your rant out if your own father was laid out stiff and stark up-stairs! Come in, or I'll fetch you with a rattle to your heels, that I will.'

"That's right, Mrs. Crooks,' exclaimed her neighbour, as she came out from the adjoining door, giving her own sun-burnt boy such a thump on the back, as sent him stumbling and bellowing over the threshold. 'I've called to my little brute, until I'm as hoarse as an old crow; and he tecks no more notice of me than a stone. But I'll break his back before I sleep, if the Lord spares me. I'm sure I could hardlings tell whether I were spinning or not, only for feeling the flax slip through my fingers as it came off the rock; they made such a ran-tan of a din, enough to deafen the dead. Poor dear young gentleman!' added she, changing her tone, and looking towards the church-yard, 'he stands yonder yet, inoping like a hen at moulting time. God help us all! it was a shocking death, to be tossed up like a shuttle-cock, one moment alive and well, and to come down the next, so mauled, that the mother who bore him, had she been alive, wouldn't hev known her own again.'

"Very shocking, indeed,' replied her neighbour; 'it'll be a warning to me never to trust mysen on board a steam-packet again the longest day I hev to live. Abraham Clark said he heard the explosion in White-Owl-Wood, though he was felling a large tree at the very same time. He declares it was just like thunder. And them as were there, say the poor dead gentleman went clean out of sight, and I dare say it's true enough, for they could 'nt see for the smoke and the smother when the boiler bursted.'

"These are very shocking times, neighbour,' answered her gossip. 'I never heard of so many accidents. My John says,—an' he's very 'cute—that the country's over thickly stocked, and that the great men in Lunnun pay the railways and steam-boats, so much for everybody they kill: and that it comes cheaper in the end than emigrating 'em to foreign parts abroad. Marry, I hardly know what to think; but what wi' these new poor-laws pinching 'em one way, and the railroads killing 'em another, I think there will be nobody left soon, but such stay-at-home bodies as you and me.'

"I don't know whatever they mean doing with us,' said Mrs. Crooks: 'flour's risen twopence a stone this week, and our miller says it'll be higher yet; then looking towards the churchyard, she added, 'Poor young man! he stands there yet. I went down to the Brown Cow this afternoon, for a gill of ale, for I made but a poor dinner, and Mrs. Tomlinson says he's hardling eaten the weight of an ounce since his father was killed. And that when she said to the young gentleman, (she's a very feeling woman, though she won't trust anybody,) as it would be shocking news to take home to his mother, that he sighed as if his heart would break, and said, 'I have no mother that I know of—nor no home now; I'm sure the tear stood in her eye when she telled me, and he said—'nor no home now.' Poor young man!'

"And happen no money much, nor no trade at his finger-ends to addle (eara) any,' replied the other. 'I feel very sorry when any of your bettermost-sort of folk come down in the world, because you see it goes harder with them, than it does with the like of us. I'm sure I would give him a bed, if he wouldn't mind sleeping wi' our Jack; but happen he's not used to a chaff bed and a sacking tick, and Jack's a terrible kicker in his sleep; and chaff breeds a many fleas, and my good man snores dreadfully; and we hev only one bedstead which we sleep on 'weresens, (ourselves) and Jack says the rattons (rats) run over him, and when it rains it comes in where he sleeps, so he wouldn't hev over much comfort. But I mun be off and put my greens in the pot, else when my old man comes home to his supper, all the fat 'ell be in th' fire.' So separated the two gossips."

Next is a glimpse of a character we have already admired:

"Gregory Gruff, although an oddity and an original, was at the bottom one of the truly good-hearted. No weather-cock, however, changed oftener within twelve hours, than did Gregory. Every day was he starting some new hobby, and

at times he had a dozen of these Uncle-Tobysisms ready saddled at once, and mounted whichever his whim of the moment selected. But the week before, he had forsworn all animal food, and now patronised the growers of great gooseberries, ponderous potatoes, cabbages, turnips, &c.—had given up reading every thing, save pastoral poetry,—had mounted a green coat, and struck out the cattle from a rich landscape by Gainsborough—argued that crimes of all denominations arise from eating animal food, and grounded his reasons upon the very food itself first springing from murder,—talked of making laws for hanging butchers, and transporting sportsmen,—rearing poultry only for their eggs, cows for their milk, and sheep for their wool. Pigs he would have annihilated. This was his last new hobby; an older one, and one which never forsook him, was his belief in nativities. He had met with some travelling impostor, who for ten guineas had ‘cast his planet’;—had foretold all that would happen during his life. This, Gruff by great exertion contrived to fulfil:—he looked at the scroll every morning, and by night so managed matters as to make it come true to the very letter. If he were to quarrel with a friend, or change his residence, or meet a stranger, or hear sudden news, or lose money, all was sure to be done as foretold; for the impostor was a wag in his way, and had chalked out for Gregory work enough. Then his motto was, ‘Never remain idle, and the mischief he got into merely to keep himself fully employed, was truly wonderful. He was as crusty as old port, and in every way as warm and good. His whole life seemed spent in quarrelling and making it up,—in grumbling and doing good, and in abusing men to make them better: if he could find no fault he made one. He cut a hole in an old coat, merely for the love of disputing the damage done; then ended by buying the wearer a new one. Added to this, he was rich, a bachelor, and the true friend of the poor.”

The Squire's daughter is a charming sketch:

“The Squire was very proud of his daughter; still, the certainty that she would be rich caused him sadly to neglect her, and to pay but little regard to what the world calls ‘accomplishments.’ She could sing sweetly, for her voice was naturally soft; could play tolerably well on the piano,—but her father was no judge of music; could paint flowers, and write bad verses, and yet possessed a high and natural appreciation of good poetry. She loved birds, squirrels, and rabbits; for her heart was full of affection. But the deep well of her mind was almost utterly neglected. She knew but little of the world, and the deficiency had both its good and evil; for her thoughts and feelings were all honest. She had never been taught to smile when her heart was sad, to pay empty and unmeaning compliments, nor affect what she never felt. Thus, if, on the one hand, she was ignorant, of much that is truly good and great in the world, on the other she was also unconscious of its hollow plausibilities and shadowy pretensions,—awful eruptions, which, instead of the warm and cheering fire of the heart, heave up a black and bitter lava, that burns for a time with an unnatural heat, and at last settles down into a hard, hateful, and encrusted mass.”

The Schoolmaster's election is capitally told: here is a poser for one of the election-committee:

“‘What year, within the last twenty years, did corn fetch the highest price?’ inquired an old farmer. ‘That year you ground up all your beans, and sold them for the best wheaten flour,’ replied Gregory Gruff, who had long been fidgeting in his chair. ‘That year you lost your law-suit with the miller; you remember it well enough. You’ll be asking next, how much malt Oliver Cromwell’s father consumed at a brewing; or, whether Queen Elizabeth cut her finger-nails with a pair of scissors, or a penknife; as if it mattered a farthing whether she bit them off, or not, when they had grown too long. Bah! humbug! all books that contain such like questions, ought to be burnt. Ask your children such things as never were, nor ever will be found out, if you like:—something that will set them a-thinking; and then you will begin to do them good. But such stuff as they put in books, now-a-days, is neither my eye, nor my elbow.’ After this most original outbreak, Gruff sat down more at his ease, and business again proceeded.”

We cannot leave without quoting a specimen or two in justification of our high commendation of Mr. Miller's excellence in rural sketches:

“A village, after all we have written in praise of the country, is but a dull place to pass any length of time in, unless the mind can find amusement among the beauties of nature; then it may be made a paradise: and the days would have hung heavily on Godfrey's hands, had not the kind-hearted old parson planned many a little excursion for his amusement after school-hours, or during the half-holidays. As it was, there were many scenes to visit, lovely spots, such as are to be found only in England;—woods to wander in, a delicious river to loiter beside, ruins rich in traditions, and remains of Roman encampments;—but where is there a place without such wonders as these? * * *

“Some of the surrounding scenery was indeed really beautiful, especially that which stretched southward from the village, and skirted the banks of the river. This was the old man's favourite walk; nor can there be found in the wide domain of England a spot embodying so much of the wild and picturesque, amid scenery which here and there may be called purely pastoral. Beyond the village, and beside the very edge of the common highway, rose a row of goodly and ancient elms, revealing on the one hand farm-houses, cottages, and orchards, and sunny fields that came sloping down to the roadside, rich in corn and clover, and every variety of bladed grass. Here sheep bleated and moved slowly over the rich greenery of the fields, shaking their jingling bells as they fed on the flowery herbage, and cropped from the little hillocks the sweet and savoury thyme. There lowed the well-fed oxen as they grazed knee-deep in luxuriant pastures, or chewing the cud, rested with their brown and glossy hides half-buried in the tall and varied flowers of summer. Further on, the grey old wagon went rumbling over the glebe, and the crack of the driver's whip mingling with the heavy creaking of the wheels, gave life and sound to the scene. Then came the human figures that dotted the landscape,—women stooping and at work in the fields, weeding or planting, in costumes of all colours, russet, red, and blue, and grey, and men moving to and fro, like forms seen in dreams, now hidden by trees and hedges, then again bursting upon the view silent as shadows, yet breaking the still blue of heaven, and the sleeping sunshine of the earth, with all the imagery, and beauty, and colour of real country life. On the other hand rolled the dreamy river, broad and bright, beneath its fringe of silvery shivering willows, which ever as the breeze blew upturned the white lining of their leaves to the light, and threw a deep shadow over the rippled ripples, which came rolling out of the path of the sunshine, then slept murmuring at their feet. Far across the river rose the ruins of a grey old castle, its tall turrets half buried in ivy; while on its ridgy battlements—where once warden and archer passed, their armour flashing back the blaze of sunshine,—the wild and fragrant wall-flower now waved. Then dim and distant rose the tapering spire from a neighbouring market-town, overlooking the tall chimneys, which pointed out its stifling manufactories; while over all stretched a cloudy curtain of smoke, dim, silvery, and mist-like, yet all in keeping with the scene.”

The present Number has two attractive whole-page illustrations, by Phiz; the churchyard, and inn-parlour, with the election-committee. In the former, the artist has, we think, borrowed from himself; the humour of the latter is cleverly dovetailed with the text. In short, the entire Number is redolent of freshness and promise.

Varieties.

Indo-Chinese Drama.—It is somewhat strange, that in the Indo-Chinese countries, although the people are fond of dramatic entertainments, they have no regular theatres, as in Europe. The performers either go to private houses, or perform in public, trusting for remuneration to the voluntary donations of the spectators.

Length of the Law.—Some faint idea of the bulk of the English records may be obtained, by adverting to the fact, that a single statute, the Land Tax Commissioners' Act, passed in the first year of the reign of George IV., measures, when unrolled, upwards of 900 feet, or nearly twice the length of St. Paul's Cathedral, within the doors; and if ever it should become necessary to consult the fearful volume, an able-bodied man must be employed during three hours in coiling and uncoiling its monstrous folds!

The Candleberry Myrtle grows along the coast of Southern Africa, on dry sandy plains, exposed to the sea air, where hardly any other plant will vegetate. The wax is in the form of a rough crust investing the berries, and is extracted by boiling them in water, straining the decoction, and suffering it to cool. It is of a greenish colour, and possesses the hardness, without the tenacity, of bees'-wax. When made into candles, it gives a very fine light.

Exploration of Africa.—Some of the mightiest monarchs of antiquity, as Cambyse and Alexander, were baffled in their attempts to overcome the barrier of the awful solitudes of Africa; so that the failure of adventurers of our times will not excite surprise. Herodotus gives the narrative of an expedition undertaken by some young Nassamonians of distinction, inhabitants of a territory occupying part of the modern Tripoli. They described themselves as passing through cultivated tracks, then through a region inhabited by wild beasts, and lastly arriving at the great desert of sand. Having reached one of its verdant oases, and begun to pluck the fruit which was growing on the trees, they were surprised by a party of little black men, who took them prisoners, and conveyed them to a city far in the interior, traversed by a river flowing from west to east. These particulars, notwithstanding the sceptical comments of M. Gosse, seem strongly to point to central Africa, and the course of the Niger.

Handel.—In the library at Calwich Abbey, near Ashbourn, is preserved a memorial a prince might covet—namely, a large collection of the original manuscript music of Handel. The great harmonist was a frequent visitant at Calwich, and a fine-toned organ, chosen by him, yet stands, surmounted by his bust, in the drawing-room of the mansion. On this instrument, Handel was accustomed to perform; and there is, perhaps, nothing romantic in the assumption, that to his occasional residence in this calm seclusion, surrounded by the beauties of nature, and in the enjoyment of social intercourse with esteemed and admiring friends, we are indebted for some of his most sublime compositions.—*Derby Reporter.*

Glastonbury, Somerset, contains the small remains of the most extensive monastery in the kingdom; which, with its various gardens and offices, covered 60 acres, supported 500 monks, and enjoyed a revenue of £25,000. Even the church attached to it rivalled the largest of the English cathedrals. Plundered by the reforming avidity of Henry VIII. it was successively demolished; and only a few fragments of extreme beauty are left.

Rebuilding St. Paul's Cathedral.—In Fulcher's Pocket-book for the present year, appears a letter, stated to be copied from some MSS. in the British Museum, relating how one Philip Wood came from Sudbury to London, and obtained employment as a carver of the interior of St. Paul's Cathedral. The letter is dated "September 3, 1669," and the writer states that he used to go to the churchyard of St. Paul, and "watch the building;" and then follows the well-known anecdote of Wren telling the man to carve the sow and pigs as a specimen of his skill. We suspect the genuineness of this letter, because the commission for rebuilding the cathedral was not issued till 1673, and Wren did not commence clearing the site till 1675, or six years after the date of the letter, which represents the architect, foreman, and workmen, busy upon the new edifice. There is also a reference to "Mr. Addison, or Addingon," not our elegant essayist, for he was not born till 1672. The letter is certainly interesting as a record of the writer's perseverance, but this error of date leads us to suspect its authenticity, which appears to have been implicitly admitted wherever it has been quoted.

Baldness.—A correspondent of the *Medical Gazette* observes that "the great prevalence of baldness may be observed by any person looking from an eminence upon a crowd of persons in those places where it is necessary to take off the hats, (as in the pit of a theatre). A vast majority of the individuals, whose scalps are denuded, seem scarcely more than thirty years of age. When we look at persons fifty years of age, and upwards, and contrast them with younger men, we find the latter more frequently affected by loss, and extensive loss, of hair. How, then, are we to account for the fact? Some assert that the lately gradually increasing variability of climate may conduce to the affliction; others, the custom of wearing hats, lawyers' wigs, &c., and thus preventing the access of the air; while a third set declare the prevalent baldness to be attributable to the modern custom adopted by gentlemen of wearing long hair. Concerning the two first explanations, I shall say nothing; but, regarding the third, the fact that women, who seldom have their hair submitted to the scissors, rarely suffer loss of hair, would contradict it." The question remains unsolved.

Early Rising. (By Herrick.)

Get up, sweet slug-a-bed, and see
The dew bespangling herb and tree;
Each flower has wept and bowed toward th' east
Above an hour since, yet you are not drest;
Nay, not so much as out of bed,
When all the birds have matins said,
And sung their thankful hymns.

Weights and Measures.—The Report of the scientific commission, consisting of Professor Airey, Sir John Herschel, Mr. Lubbock, and other distinguished savans, appointed to inquire into the present standard weights and measures, proposes, among others, three important points:—1. A system of decimal computation, to be adopted in all weights, measures, and moneys. 2. The abolition of troy weight, and substitution of avoirdupois; and 3. correction of the local standards of the kingdom, which are at present highly imperfect, as also the laws relating to their examination by inspectors.—*Globe.*

The Largest Apartment in the World appears to be the riding-school at Moscow, which is 506 feet 10 inches long, and 133 feet broad, without pillar or intervening prop of any kind; whilst the famous town-hall of Padua, which used to be considered the largest, is only 240 feet long, and 80 feet broad. Westminster Hall has been often stated to be the largest, whereas it is only 275 feet by 75 feet; and King's College, Cambridge, 291 feet by 45½ feet, and 78 feet high.

"The Exile of Siberia."—Madame Cottin's touching story of *Elizabeth* has only one mis-statement worth noticing, i. e. the scenery represented as mountainous, with *avalanches* falling, &c.; whereas, Siberia is, in reality, more free from mountains than even monotonous France. It is one of the flattest tracts of our globe.

Lobsters form, next to timber, one of the greatest articles of Norwegian export. On the rocky coasts of Christian-sand they are found in greater numbers than in any other part of the world; and from Bergen, which lies further to the north, as many as 260,000 pairs have been exported in one year. The fish-trade of Norway is altogether very considerable; and without aid from Bergen no Lent could be kept in Italy and Spain.

Mining.—In 1829, a share in a certain mine, no great distance from Falmouth, was considered to be worth not more than £1.; and a family possessing eleven shares allowed them to merge with those of the other "adventurers" as entirely worthless. In 1835, one share in the same mine could not be purchased for less than 2000 guineas!

Fire.—At Bergen, before each house stands a cask of water, which, on an alarm of fire, is instantly seized upon, and hurried upon a sledge to the scene of conflagration.

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